

—MAN MADE—

Dangling Darling

The ad read: "Handsome youth wanted as male companion for successful young businessman with varied interests and lots of free time. No phonies or guys with nothing to offer need apply."



New Meat

When you finally discover where it's at . . . but don't know what to do about it, what do you do? The best thing is to get a friend to help, and that's exactly what Benny Janson did!

ADULTS ONLY



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They Call Him CHERRY

There's a lot of difference between the east and west coast of the United States, and for a born-and-bred easterner, some of the ways of the folks out west can seem pretty strange. At least that's how it seemed at first to Cherry Mathison.

When he first got to the San Francisco area, he seemed lost and without any friends. He figured that it would take a while to get to the point where he had a new circle of acquaintances.

But he wasn't prepared for the open friendliness of some of the Bay City residents.

On his first night in town, and still staying in a hotel room until he could find a place to live, Cherry headed out to see some of the bright lights and sights. He knew the general area he wanted to go, since he had checked with the hotel clerk about where the action would be before he headed out.

Still he figured that it







wouldn't be much of a night; just more-or-less a look-around to see if this was his kind of city. As it turned out, it was more than his kind of city, and the people were really a turn-on!

The first and only place that Cherry hit was called the "Harbor Light," and he'd heard that it was a pretty nice place; no aging hustlers, and most of the clientele composed of executives and businessmen. It was a nice looking place, with little nooks

and crannys for couples that wanted to be alone, and soft blue lighting that provided lots of atmosphere.

Cherry ordered a drink called a "score" and started to look around. He hadn't expected much on a mid-weekday night, but still, there was a sizable crowd in the bar. Most of the guys were paired off, though, and Cherry mentally sighed as he thought that he would probably just have to sit and watch while

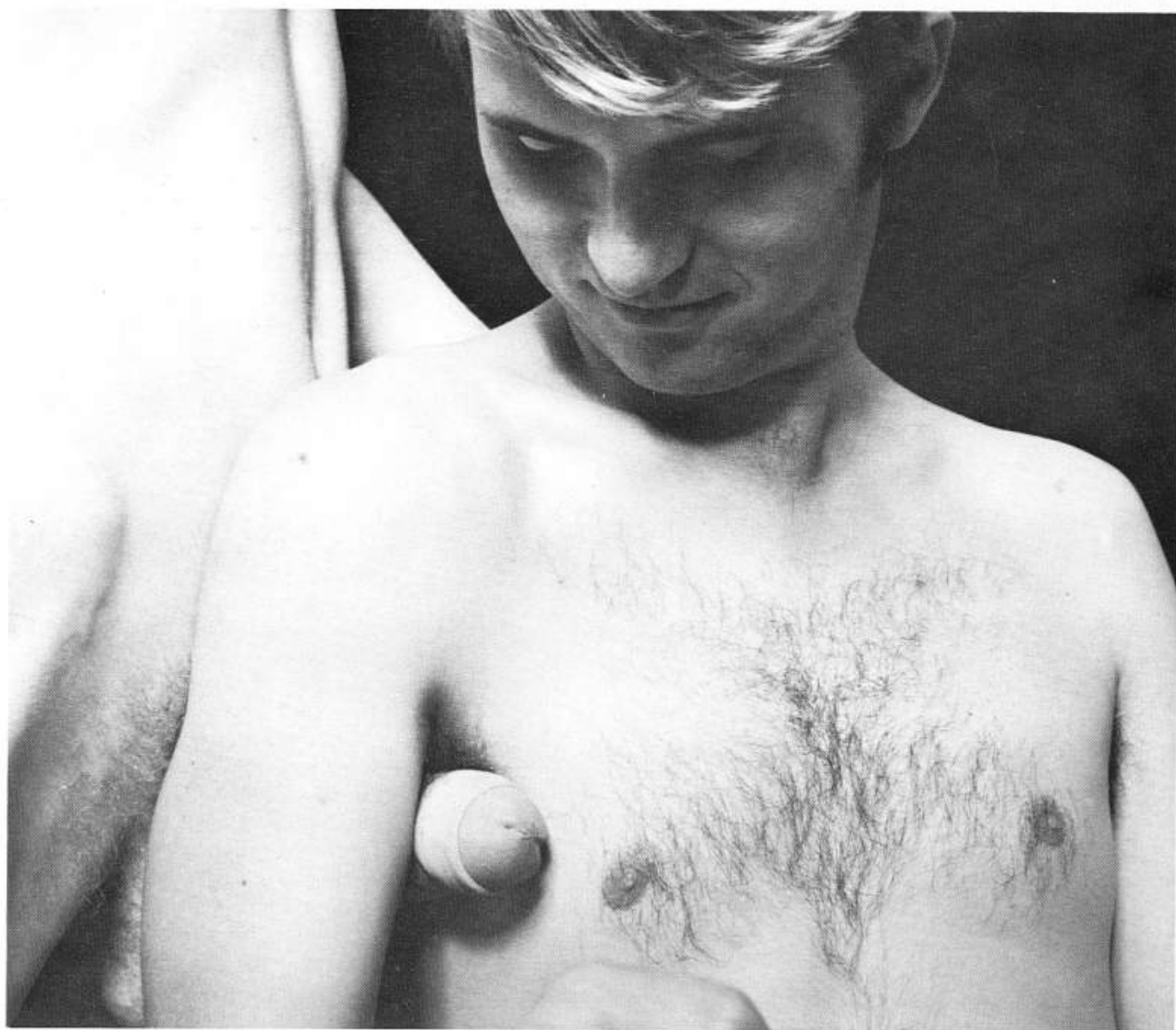




the others had all the fun.

He hadn't figured on western hospitality, though. Before long, one of the guys sitting at a table with three other fellows came up to him and started up a conversation. He introduced himself as Jack, and told Cherry that he had spotted him as an out-of-towner the minute he walked in.

When Cherry told Jack his name, at first the other man didn't believe him. It took some convincing, but soon the two were chatting away like old friends. Jack took Cherry over to meet his friends, and the new lad's name caused him some em-

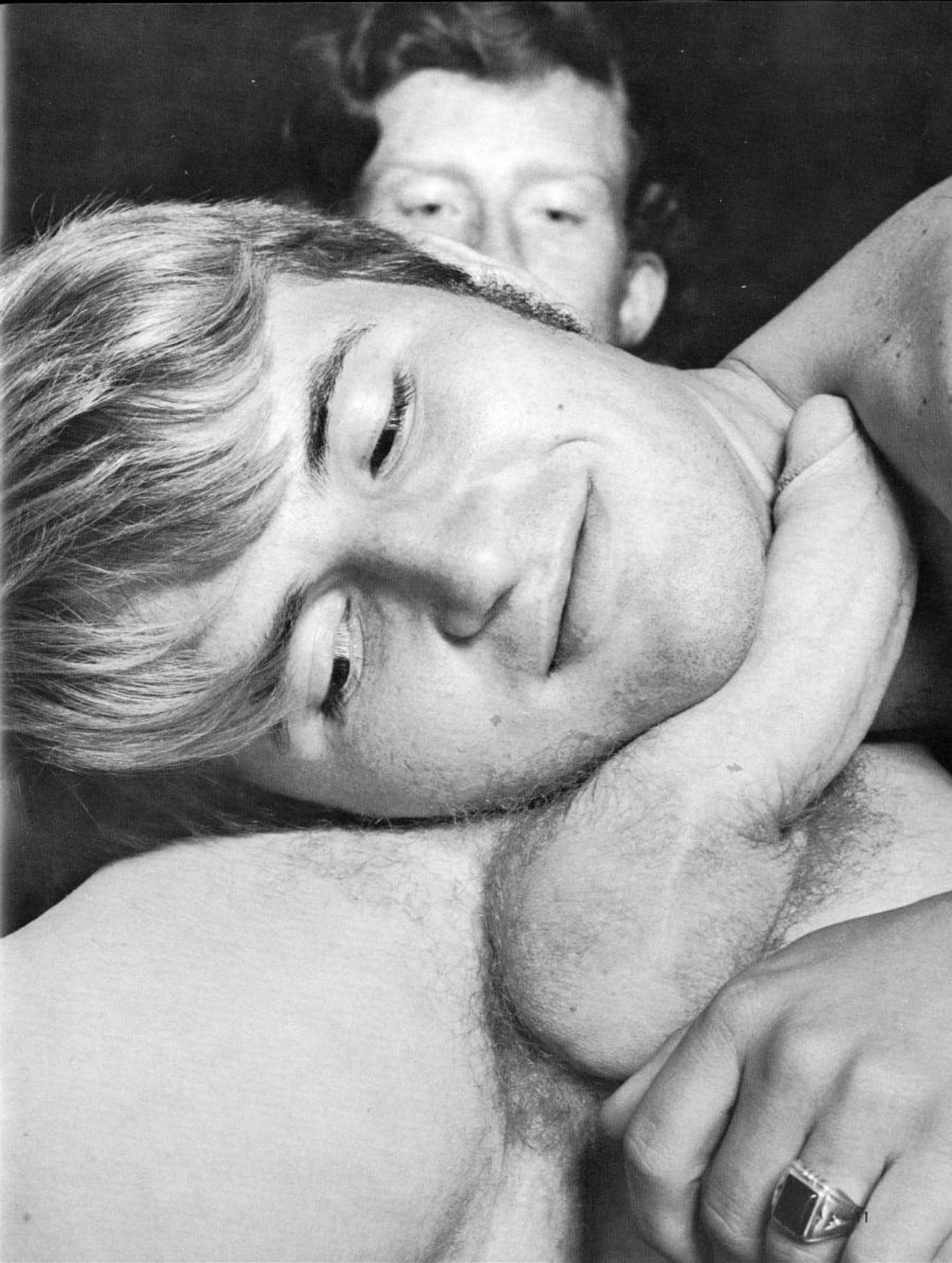




barrassment, what with some of the jokes that the others passed back and forth.

Cherry let them know before the evening was out, however, that you can't judge a guy by his name. He felt so good after a couple of drinks that the others started telling him that he should change his name. Jack was especially taken by him, and before the evening was out, invited him to stay at his place until he could find a permanent place to live.

Since Cherry wanted to see the place before he made up his mind, the party shifted to Jack's pad. In the wee small hours of the morning, however, the others left, leaving Jack and Cherry all alone. They continued their getting-acquainted chat and just let things progress, and Jack found out that Cherry wasn't so cherry after all!



When the Sun Goes Down...

What a time to get a hard-on... right here in the middle of a line to see the new show. But, then, George really couldn't help it. Especially with all of those guys in tight pants in line ahead of him. He could see a whole row of tightly-encased butts running right up to the ticket booth, with a lot more views of fronts, sides and rears inside the theater door, and lounging around outside the entrance.

It must be because of this picture, he thought to himself. There aren't a lot of guys that would come to see a film that was advertised as being especially for males. "What the hell am I doing here, then?" he muttered under his breath. But he already knew the answer to that question. Ever since he had entered his teens, which had only been about six years ago, he had gotten a kick out of watching guys. When he thought about the times in school, during gym periods, when he was surrounded by boys undressing, showering, getting dressed, he got a hard-on that made his sizeable cock so stiff and rigid he thought it would split out the front of his pants. Even now, thinking about it his cock was throbbing. He knew that the head was red with swollen blood, and that there was probably some of his own white milk oozing out of the tip.

It sure felt good, but when you're in line to see a movie, right out in public, with an iron-hard rod that can't help but be noticed, it was awkward and embarrassing. George just wished right at that moment that he hadn't decided to go to the show. He wished that he was at home in his apartment flat, standing in front of the mirror like he usually did, naked, with the huge, throbbing mass of his dork sticking straight out and waving at him.

He could picture it clear as day in his mind. First, he would stand in front of the mirror and slowly undress. Off with his shoes and socks, then the shirt to bare his lean torso, slowly unbuckling the belt and unzipping the pants. Now came the good part... letting the pants fall off his slim hips so that all that would be left covering him would be the brief bikini shorts that he loved to wear. Not that they covered much. When he had a hard-on, usually the top of the shorts, the elastic band, was pushed out away from his belly by the force of his turgid whang. Which was all right with him. That way, he could look right down and savor looking at that big, red prick as it squirmed to get out of its cloth prison.

Of course, the good part was when he played with it, holding it in his hand, the other hand manipulating his heavy ball sack, feeling the velvety surface of his skin beneath his fingers, letting himself go on and on to the point where his masculine fluid spurted out and ran in dribblets down the mirror surface.

George had often wondered what it would be like to see another man do the same thing, and even in his fancies, had imagined himself gripping and holding another male cock, doing to it what he did to his own, to the point of opening his mouth and...

"Oh, excuse me." He had been so lost in his dream world, that the line had moved up while he stood there. The words came from behind him right at the same moment he felt a body press against his back, and something hard jab him in the cleft of his tight jeans. It took him only an instant to realize that the person in back of him had bumped into him, and that the something hard could only be a stiff boner just like the one he was sporting. The thought sent a hot wave of shiver-







ing passion through his body. He turned, and looked into a pair of deep-set blue eyes.

"That's all right. I guess I wasn't paying any attention to the line," he said.

"Man, I could tell that," the man now facing him said with a smile. "That's why I figured you needed a little nudge." As the other man said that, he smiled again, and his eyes dropped for an instant to George's bulging trouser front.

George flushed. The downward glance had not gone unnoticed. "I . . . I was thinking . . . about something." He stammered out in his embarrassment. "I didn't notice the line . . . I mean . . . there was . . ."

"That's all right, buddy. We all daydream once in a while."

The smile was back on the lips, and a crinkle to the eyes. George again felt a hot flush sweep through his loins. The man was older than George by about four years, but it wasn't as if there was any age difference evident. From his crown of sandy-blond hair, down to his highly-polished shoes, there was much evidence of a well-kept, and well-endowed male body underneath the tight clothes.

In his own turn, George let his eyes drop from the smooth, handsome face, to the plainly bulging crotch, and back up again.

"I guess I'm holding things up here," he blurted out, starting to turn away.

"I can see what you're holding up," came the voice from behind him as he moved up to the ticket counter. A tingling sensation that usually only happened to him when he was alone and attending to the ministrations of his own jelly roll coursed through George. As quickly as possible, he bought his ticket and stepped through the theater entrance. He stopped there, not really knowing why, but with a sense of excitement making his body vibrate. He heard the voice behind him again.





"By the way, my name is Mike."

"Uh, my ... mine's George."

There was that smile again. George had never had a feeling quite like this before. Oh, sure, he had met a lot of guys since he got out of school, and had helled around with some of the ones who got to be buddies, but he had never had a feeling like this with any of them.

He had never had any feelings like this with girls either. He had never been much on staring at girls like the other guys, anyway, and the few girls that he had met and more-or-less taken out, had never affected him in this manner. Not even when they tried to touch and handle him.

It was almost as if some strange person had taken over his body. He felt himself turn, and walk over to the snack counter with Mike. Almost as if he were in a trance, he bought a drink, turned, and followed the other man into the darkened theater.

With only half an ear, he heard Mike saying, "I hear that this is really a good movie. Lots of action, and some real men, if you know what I mean."

George knew what he meant, all right. More and more of late, he had been going out to the movies, seeking some respite from the restless urges that poured through his body, always centered on his crotch, his prick sometimes getting so painfully hard that he had to leave in the middle of the show and hurry home to furiously jack himself off until the cum spurted out in blissful relief.

He knew that part of the reason for that was the type of shows he had started seeing. They were all about the same, featuring all-male casts, with young, virile boys and men, and lots of chances to see half-clothed bodies. This was the first time, however, that he had come to see a flick that the ads promised as having total nudity and "action" between the players.

Just that daring fact would have been enough ordi-



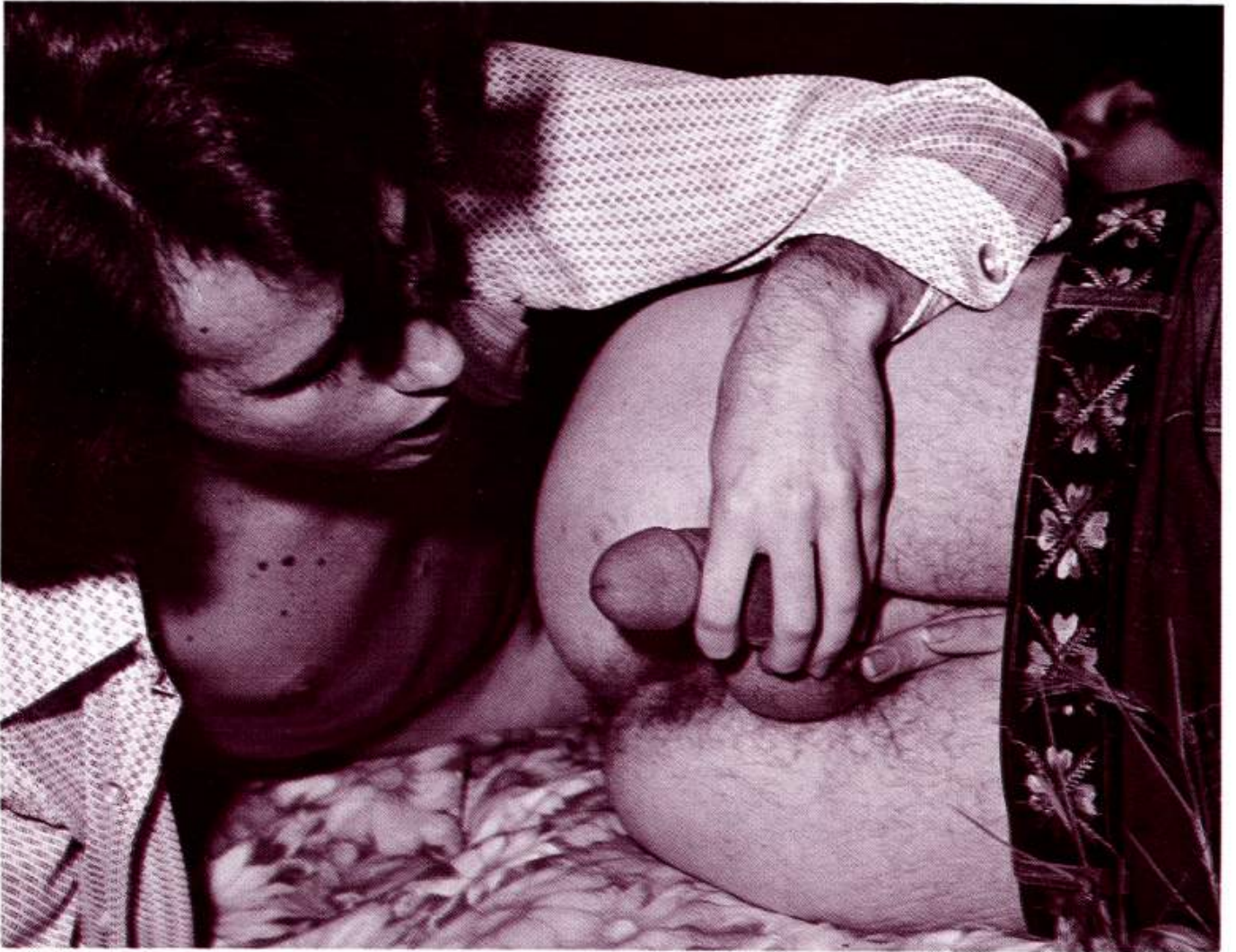
New Meat

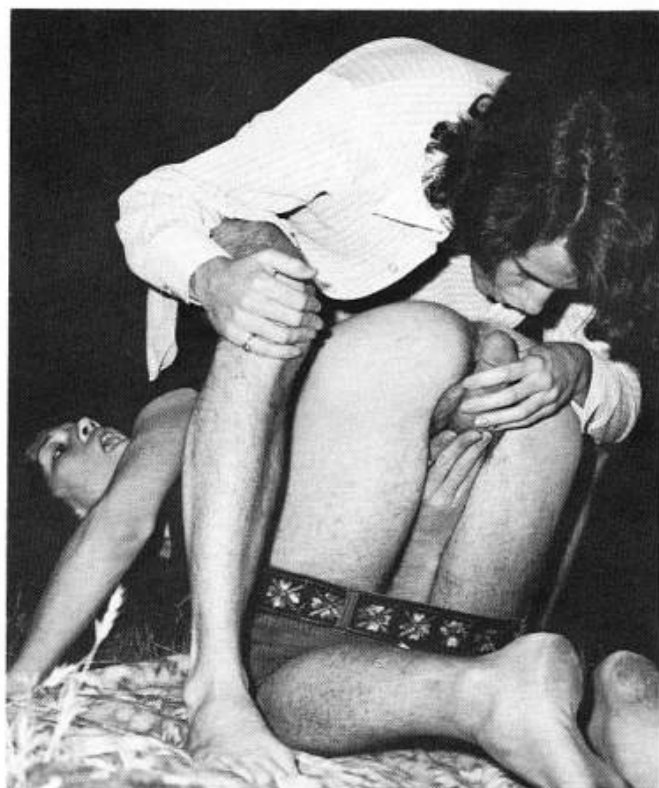
When you finally discover where it's at . . . but don't know what to do about it, what do you do? The best thing is to get a friend to help you, and that's exactly what Benny Janson did!

Benny has always dug the groovy symmetry of the male human body, and even in high school, was really wrapped up in all the art books, spending hours copying art works and changing them to his own desires. His goal in life at that time was to be a figure model when he got out of school.

It's obvious that Benny has the body of a figure model, with his slim, but firmly-muscled







torso, and finely-formed features. And his obvious maleness is enough to send most guys gasping.

Benny did try the male model gig for a while, but says that a few short months of it was enough to bore him to death. "The hours weren't bad, and all I

had to do was pose so that everybody could get a good look at me," Benny says. "But some of the guys came on a little too strong after the sessions were through, and I've never been the type that rolls over for just anyone."

So, Benny went to work in a

large department store, helping the chief designer make up the many displays of merchandise. His art background helped him quite a bit there, and so did his fast friendship with his boss, Eddie. Soon, Benny was the boss's assistant, and was thinking up his own designs.



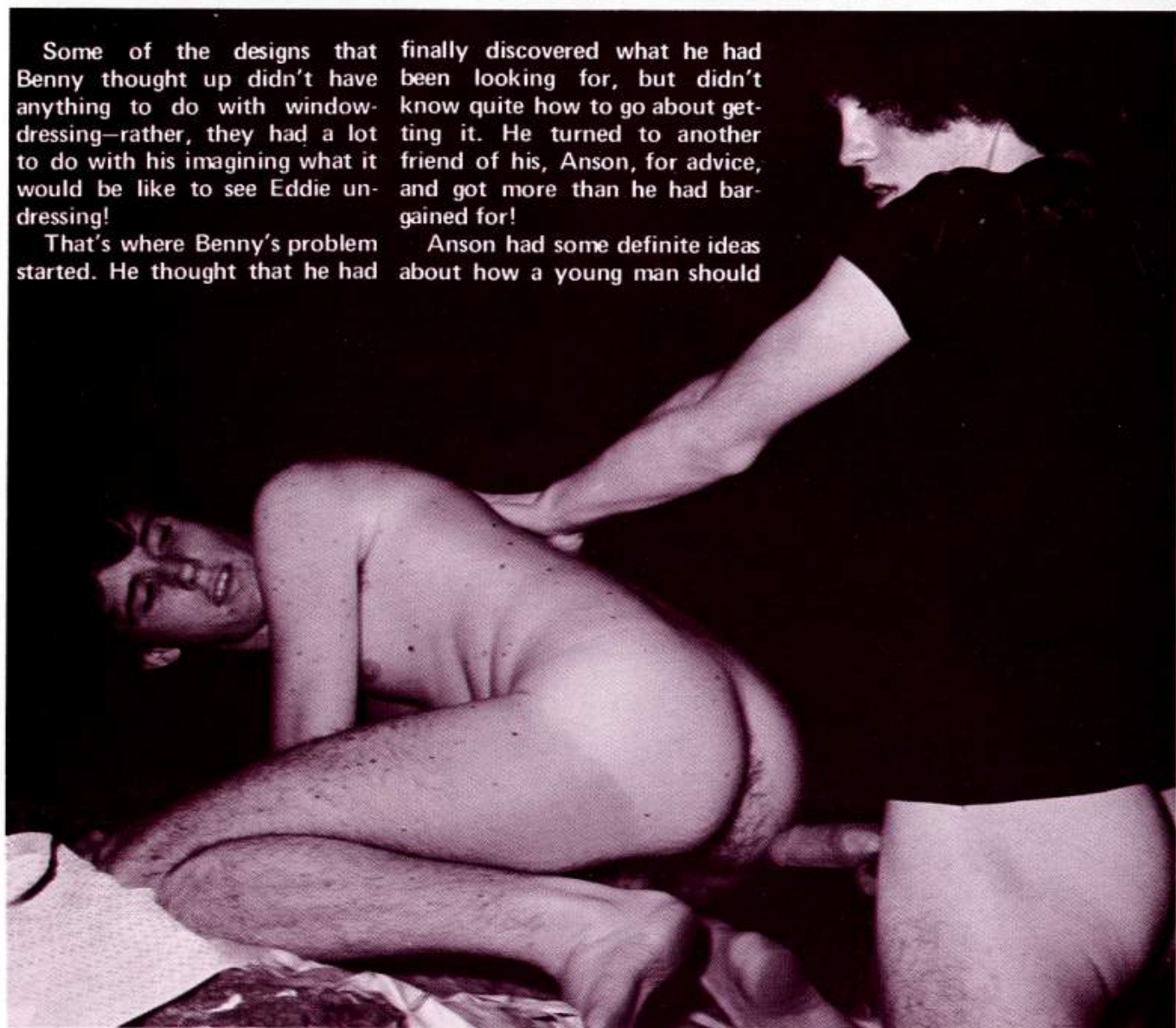


Some of the designs that Benny thought up didn't have anything to do with window-dressing—rather, they had a lot to do with his imagining what it would be like to see Eddie undressing!

That's where Benny's problem started. He thought that he had

finally discovered what he had been looking for, but didn't know quite how to go about getting it. He turned to another friend of his, Anson, for advice, and got more than he had bargained for!

Anson had some definite ideas about how a young man should



go about the gentle art of seduction, and readily volunteered to show Benny just how to go about it. This was more than alright with Benny, since he had seen Anson in action quite a few times.

"The best way to learn about this," Anson told Benny, "is to set up a scene and run through it until you have it down pat." Anson suggested that the best way to do it would be for Benny to set up his apartment the way







he would want it when Eddie came over, and then Anson would play the part of Eddie during the "rehearsals."

Everything came off without a hitch during the "rehearsal," and Benny learned quite a few little tricks he hadn't known before. But it did cause one new problem. Now Benny doesn't know if he wants to go ahead with his plans for Eddie. He had such a good time with Anson, that the idea is in his mind that Anson might make a better playmate than Eddie!

Naturally, this is the way that Anson had it planned all along. "I've been watching Benny develop for a long time," he says, "and when he came to me with his ideas for Eddie, I knew that this was the perfect setup for me to show him just how good I could be for him!"

It could be that Eddie has lost out permanently in the love race, because at last word, Anson and Benny were making rapid plans to share an apartment—and everything else!



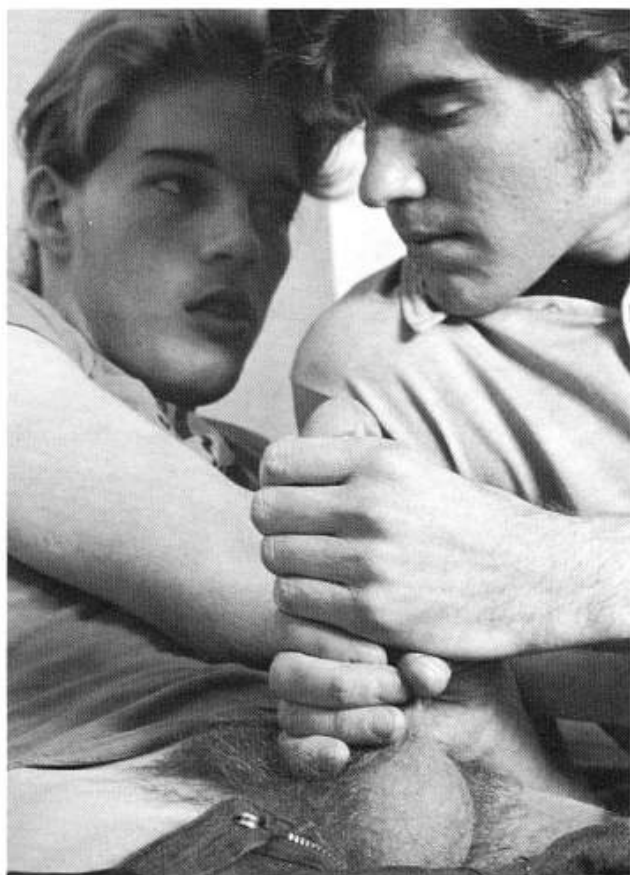


Michael Partridge makes his living sitting on his duff on a high stool, belting out ballads on his guitar at a small after-hours place that is frequented by some of the most up-and-coming young men in the southern part of the States.

What makes his act so different from all the other club singers all over the country, is that he performs in the nude, with just his guitar on his lap to tantalize the customers with a peek now and then.

"I'll bet that there isn't any other folk singer in the whole country that gets the kind of fan mail I get," he says. "A lot of traveling dudes come in here when they're in town, and I get letters from them after they get home. Some of them even ask







me to write back and promise them that I won't move to any other club without letting them know about it."

Mike has a lot to offer, and that could be why the customers are so eager to keep track of him. But it's really just a job for Mike. His heart belongs to someone other than his public.

"It's just a show business gimmick, really," Mike confides. "I certainly don't mind showing off my body, or anything like that, and it really pleases me that the guys appreciate me, but I'm not doing it because of what I can pick up. I turn down offers of everything from cars to ocean cruises all the time."

The reason Mike turns down all those offers is that every night, once the club closes down,

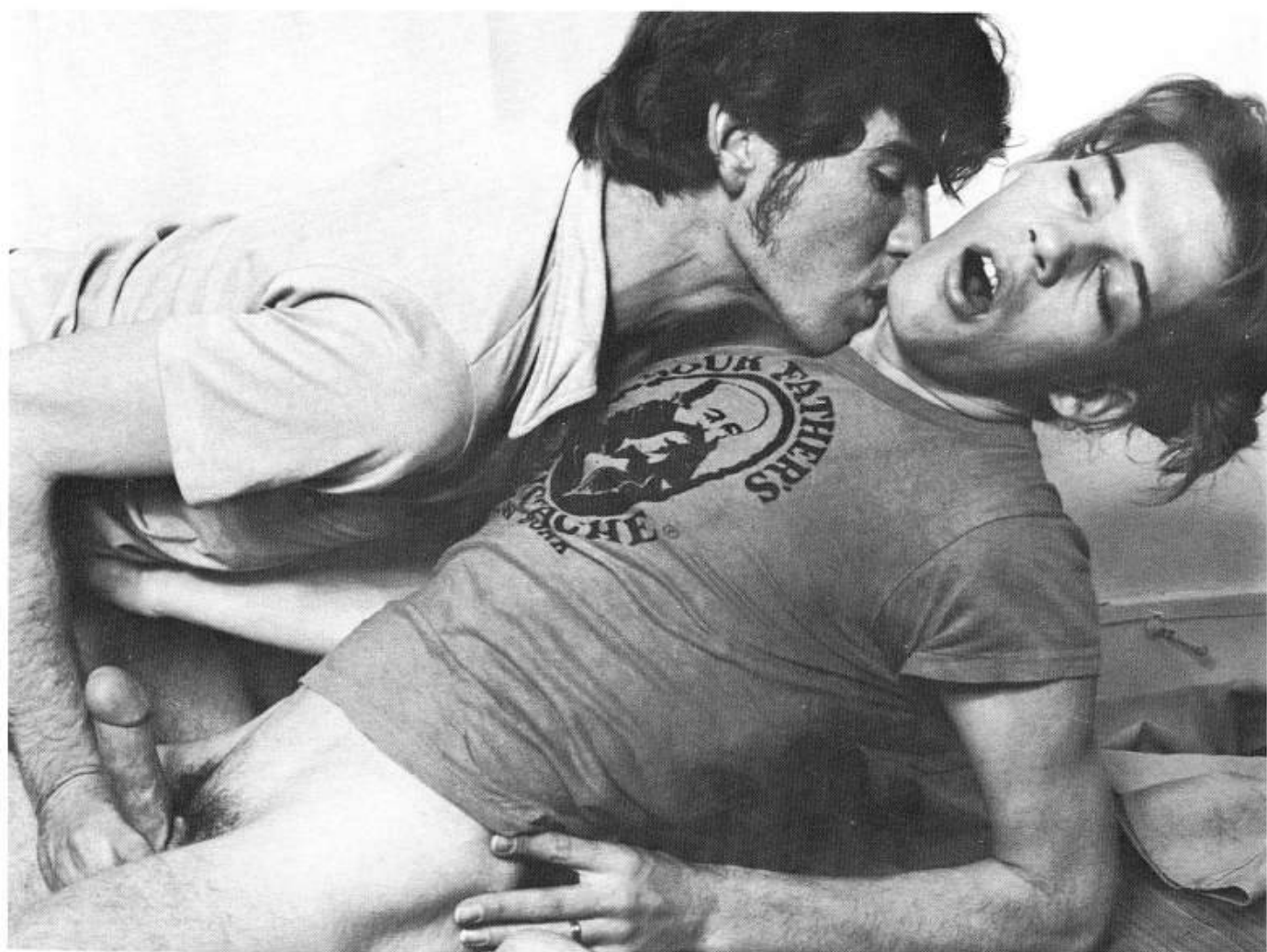




he rushes home to what really matters to him . . . a hot-lipped young lad named Teddy. Mike refers to his lissome roommate as "my flaming inamorata," because he's always hot and ready for action.

"What Teddy does for me," Mike says, "none of those other guys can even begin to equal." There certainly must be something that Teddy does right for Mike, because the two of them have been making it as a duo for more than three years now. Mike claims that this is a new record







for him, since he never stuck with one lover for more than six months at a time before.

"I used to really fly, man," he says. "With all the contacts I made singing in the clubs, it could have been a different dude every night. As it was, I got enough for three or four guys, and finally it was just too much

for me."

Just about that time, Mike saw Teddy sitting in the crowd during one of his performances, and after the show was over, offered to buy the lad a drink. It was instant friendship, and before long, friendship turned something more.

From that moment on, it has

been Mike and Teddy. "It's a whole different matter when I do my bare bit for the customers—that's just showmanship. And I do show it a lot," he adds with a grin. "But there's no 'touché' except for Teddy," Mike says seriously, "and that's the way it's going to remain, as long as I have anything to say about it!"

narily to excite him to the point of almost coming in his pants. Now, with all of those good-looking guys running around outside the theater at first, and then meeting Mike, he wanted to skip the show, and get home fast, knowing just what it took to get rid of that aching throb between his legs.

But at the same time, he didn't want to leave. He didn't want to leave this man named Mike that had a body and voice that did funny things to his mind and body.

Right now, Mike was saying something to him. "Hey, George, sit down!" He felt, rather than completely heard, the rich, throaty laughter behind the words, and then caught the rest of what Mike was saying. "Wow, you must be in that dream world again." George felt a firm hand on the smooth muscles of his arm, tugging at him. Almost automatically, he sat down.

Coming out of his half-trance, he looked around the theater. Whether by chance, or not, he was sitting right next to Mike, over to one side of the theater, almost back in a corner, with no one else around. As his eyes got used to the dimness, he could see that there were quite a few pairings of men scattered around the huge interior.

"George, George..." He heard his name, over the beginning swell of introductory music, and at the same time felt that same hand push firmly down on his upper thigh.

"Yeah, Mike, I'm sorry. What is it?"

"Jesus, man, shape up. The picture's starting. You

keep on like that, and you'll miss all the goodies," Mike replied.

To hell with the picture, George thought. God, my cock aches. If only I could do something about it right now! The thought only made his prick get harder, if such a thing was possible, since it was jumping around inside his pants like some rigid bar of live metal. He wondered if Mike could see the huge bulge in his pants, knowing that only a blind man wouldn't.

The thought of Mike looking at the outline of his love muscle made him so excited that he started to squirm around in his seat. Since the seats were small and they were sitting right next to each other, this brought his left leg in contact with Mike's right leg. The credits were on the screen, but he didn't give a damn about them. He sneaked a glance at the joining of Mike's thighs, and almost gave an audible gasp of pleasure. There was a bulge in Mike's pants that easily matched his own, and if anything, was even bigger. It was all he could do to tear his eyes away from that exciting and awe-inspiring sight and focus them upon the screen.

George knew that his own pole was bigger than most, because he had seen quite a few of the lovely things in the shower room at school. He had even measured his own cock when it was hard, and knew that it was a good, healthy eight inches. But here was one that must be even bigger!

He had to resist the urge to reach over and feel it for himself, to make sure that it was real, and not some wonderful dream that he was having. A series of instant









scenes flashed through his mind, just like the images flickering on the screen in front of him. Each scene was the same—a beautiful cock in front of his face, swollen with blood and throbbing. He felt his mouth getting wet with saliva, and gulped in order to breathe.

Everything was getting mixed up in his mind. The things that were happening on the screen, his own mental images, the feeling of his hand now rubbing up and down the length of the turgid swelling in his pants, and now, the feeling of another hand placed over his own, pressing down, helping him, bringing him almost to the point where he couldn't hold back the pressure any more.

A groan of pure pleasure forced its way past his clenched teeth. Immediately, the other hand stopped its tender pressure. George refocused his eyes on the screen, and then slowly turned his head and looked at Mike.

That smile was there again. "It's okay, man," Mike whispered. "I know how you feel. I have such a stiff rod right now myself that I'm about to bust a gut!"

"Because of the movie?" George blurted out. That could have easily been it, for there was a penis of gigantic proportions filling the screen at that moment, with a hand wrapped around it and moving up and down the pebbled surface of the shaft.

"No, dummy," Mike laughed, sliding his fingers slowly and sensuously along the ridge of hard meat that strained at the fabric of George's trousers. "Because of you!"

George knew what he wanted to do at that moment. He wanted to use his hand in the same manner as Mike was using his own hand. He wanted to feel his fingers touching and caressing the male hardness of another man, just the way he had imagined it, but had never had an opportunity to do before.

But now, now maybe this was what he had been looking for, hunting for whenever he met a new guy, or went to a male flick, or had been secretly hoping would happen whenever he went out and roamed around the streets at night. Right now, more than anything else, he wanted to be able to see Mike's cock, and to have Mike see his own pulsing shaft. He wanted to touch the other man's meat mound, to fondle it, to rub it between his fingers, to grip it tightly and feel the texture of it as he moved his hand up and down, to lean down toward it, open his lips and . . .

"Oh, man, does that feel just right," Mike half moaned. George started, and then stared as the other man's crotch. There was his own hand, gripping a raised roll of flesh through the fabric, thrilling to a feeling that he had never had before.

The sight of his hand doing what he had always really wanted it to do, the feel of the hardness of what his hand covered, made George's blood boil. His free hand went immediately to his own crotch, only to discover that there was already another hand there. Such an intense feeling of pleasure coursed through him that he leaned his head back, and gave in completely to the tingling sensations that flowed in him.

Even though he was concentrating on the feeling that he was getting from his hand on Mike's crotch, he could more than feel what the other man was doing. There was a fumbling at his belt, the rasping sound of a zipper, and then the free, soaring feeling of freedom as his raging

pecker pushed out hard over the elastic band of his shorts.

Mike was saying, "Now, Georgie, look at what's going on up on the screen. That's where it's at, baby. You know that, don't you?"

George looked up at the action on the screen. There were two men on a bed, their bodies intertwined, hands moving frantically, and one man had his head between the other man's thighs, his parted lips just set to plunge down onto the stiff standing tool that was staring at him like a one-eyed snake.

"No... no, I don't know where it's at, Mike," George whispered. "You see, this is the first time that I've ever held another man like this," he continued, nodding his head down to where his hand tightly gripped Mike's still clothed-encased penis.

"You mean, you've gone all these years without some really good loving?" Mike gasped.

Mutely, George nodded his head in affirmation.

"Jesus, man," Mike whispered, leaning toward George, "that's terrible." He leaned even closer to George, and patted him on the shoulder with his free hand, giving a little squeeze to George's cock at the same time. "Well, don't worry, baby, I'll show you what it's all about, and what it's like, too."

"You mean, right now, here?" George whispered back with a tremor in his voice from the excited feelings he felt at the other's words. All of a sudden, he felt good about everything, about the whole world. He felt as if he



were coming to something that had been eluding him for the past several years, something that had been just around the corner out of sight.

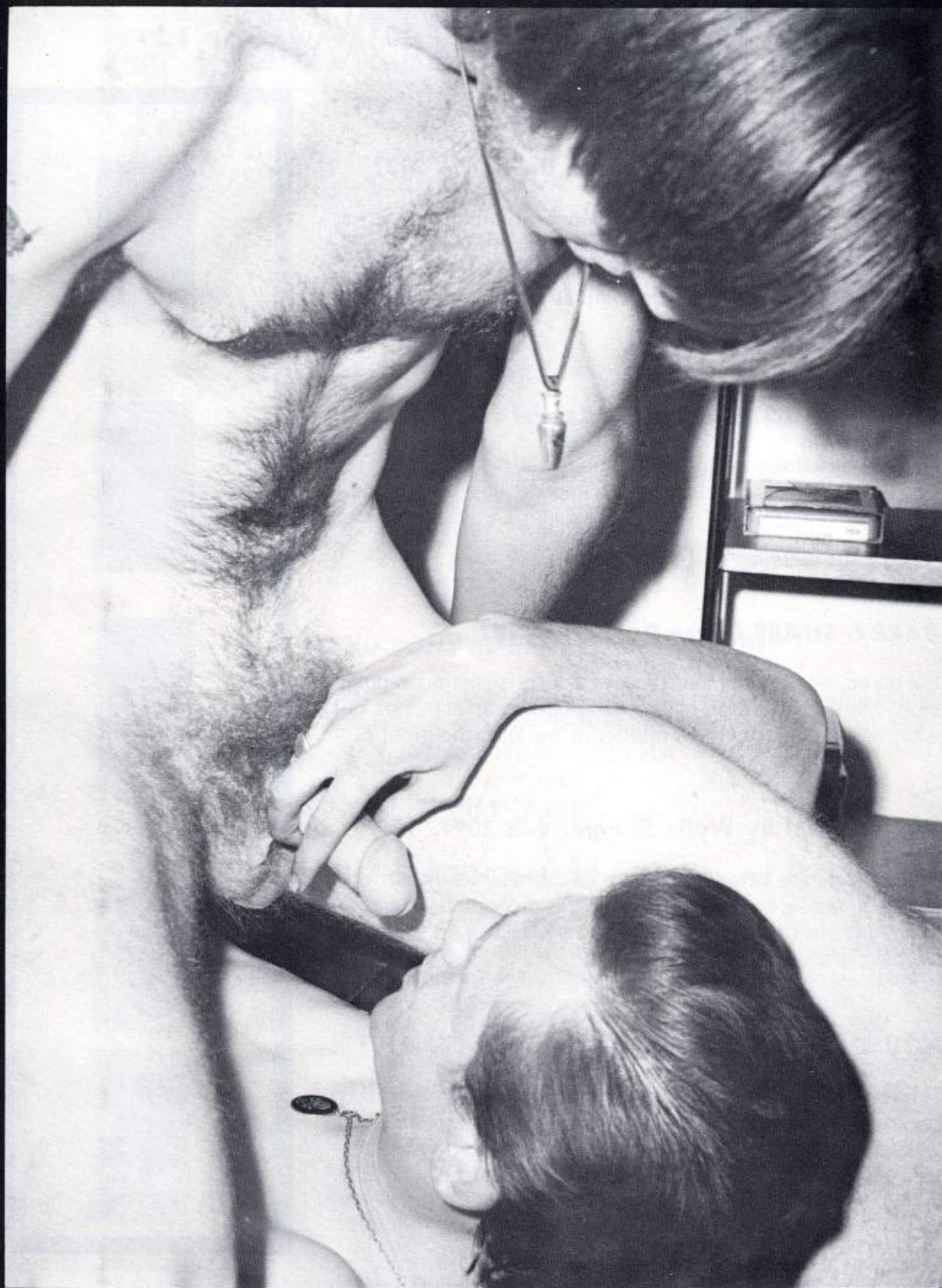
Mike didn't reply, but did something that was much more eloquent in its response. He clasped his fingers around the round, hard length of George's penis, which was sticking up in the air like an erotic flag pole, and slowly pulled downward, dragging the uncircumcized foreskin away from the fat, arrow-shaped head of George's cock. Then, with the glans exposed, Mike bent his head down and extended his tongue, brushing the tip of it lightly across the pouty pecker lips that were slowly oozing drops of pearly liquid.

George almost came on the spot from the sheer ecstasy of pleasurable feeling caused by the rough surface of Mike's tongue rubbing sensuously across the soft, sensitive meat of his prick. He twined his fingers in Mike's sandy locks, and scooted down in his seat, in order to bring his throbbing phallus into a better position.

As Mike opened his mouth and slid his warm lips down over the smooth length of George's rampant cock, the younger man gave a convulsive shudder, stiffened and then began to buck his hips frantically as he shot his pent-up wad of come into Mike's mouth.

His breathing ragged and coming in gasps, George could not speak at first, but instead just ran his fingers through Mike's hair. Finally, he managed to whisper, "Now I know what you mean, Mike. This is what it's all about! And before we leave this show tonight, I'll know even more about all this!"

Mike turned his head up from George's lap, and slowly licked his lips with a smile. "You might even find out about love, Georgie!"



BOOK REVIEWS

CHANGE PARTNERS by Duane Davis (RL 308)

This book deals with "swapping" in a different way. It is forced swinging, not the happy voluntary kind normally written about. A lecherous, Texas millionaire tries to change the habits of his employees through his very private and very special "swingers" club.



WOMEN & BOYS by Marvin Laurel (RL 309)

Mr. Laurel follows up his fascinating first effort, Tit for Tat with an incestuous novel that deals in pedophilia. A rich woman shares her stable of young studs with an old friend who only wants to use it to snare her stepson.



BARE & SHARE Duane Davis (RL 310)

Six bored, wealthy women conceive a surprise mate swapping club. Mark loves most of the extra-curricular activities but what will happen when his mother-in-law joins the group?



INCEST S&M by Wylie Stinger (ZB 209)

Naturally, as the title implies, the main theme is incest with strong emphasis on rape and S&M in this modern day Tobacco Road. Sadistic beatings by white-hating blacks is a part of this bristling tale.



HOUSE OF INCEST by Donald Denver (ZB 210)

This is an engaging tale of a young heiress and her fifty million dollars. Greedy, forgotten relatives devise a nefarious plot to gain control of the fortune. They have her committed to a private insane asylum, the plan being to **really** destroy her sanity by evil, dark, sexual perversions. You'll really go nuts over this one.



Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

BOOK REVIEWS



T TOWN TEASE by Rick Tulane (TC 208)

A new author in the Trojan stable produces a side of Tijuana which is usually only hinted at. Doug Ferris, a Hollywood Adonis, searches for excitement south of San Diego and gets much more than he bargains for when he is drugged and made the unwilling star of a sex circus along with a handsome Marine. A breathtaking whirl of events makes this novel a mind blower!



GEISHA BOY by Lance Rogers (TC 209)

Lance Rogers, Trojan's new super-dynamic author who brought you "Searchlight Insight" and "Leave the Driving To Us," has just bombarded us with a real thriller. "Geisha Boy" is a highly secret account of a crimson episode in the life of two boys, hustlers, who were kidnapped to serve on an island of lust and perversity. Auctioned off like cattle, their lives were not their own.



END ZONE by Rod Larson (TC 210)

In High School 69, Rod Larson, one of Gay Way's long list of authors, brings us the story of how a high school football hero with a homosexual leaning can start a conflagration . . . both good and bad . . . in his idolaters . . . the underclassmen . . . who always adore the star.



LITTLE BIG HORNY by Brian Powers (TC 211)

His Indian name was Shining Eagle, his Norsky lover's was Wounded Hawk. In this case, the Eagle and the Hawk were set free by his mother's people to fly earth's boundaries at will. Brad Powell, who gave you the exciting Shadow On The Sand by Gay Way, has come through with another winner.



HUMPIN' JUMPMAS-TER by Brad Powell (TC 212)

For any skydiving buffs, this novel is a "flighty" and "high"ly satisfying story of not only male/male love but man/man love. A sensitive, though masculine study of two of our "geronimo" guys and their love. A Gay Way bid for another best seller.

Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

Dangling Darling



The ad read: "Handsome youth wanted as male companion for successful young businessman with varied interests and lots of free time. No phonies or guys with nothing to offer need apply."

That sounded like just the thing Greg Morris was looking for as he went through the paper one afternoon. He had been out of the service for one week, and wasn't looking forward to the prospect of pounding the pavement looking for one of those nine-to-five jobs where the boss was always trying to put the make on you.

The ad also asked to bring along any "special" photos that prospective companions might have, so Greg got one of his buddies to take a series of shots that showed him off to his best ad-







vantage. It was hard work, getting just the right pose and making sure that he stood out in the pictures. Of course, the friend, who was a professional photographer, knew just what to do, and helped Greg out with that problem!

That same afternoon, Greg headed for the address given in the ad, and soon stood at the front door of what can only be described as a mansion. He was ushered in by a muscular young butler, and introduced to the master of the house, Anthony Maitland.

The first thing that Tony—as he told Greg to call him—asked Greg was if he was free to travel. “I’m really independently wealthy, and what business I have to conduct doesn’t take up much time.” That was just fine with Greg, and he told Tony so.

Then Tony asked if he had

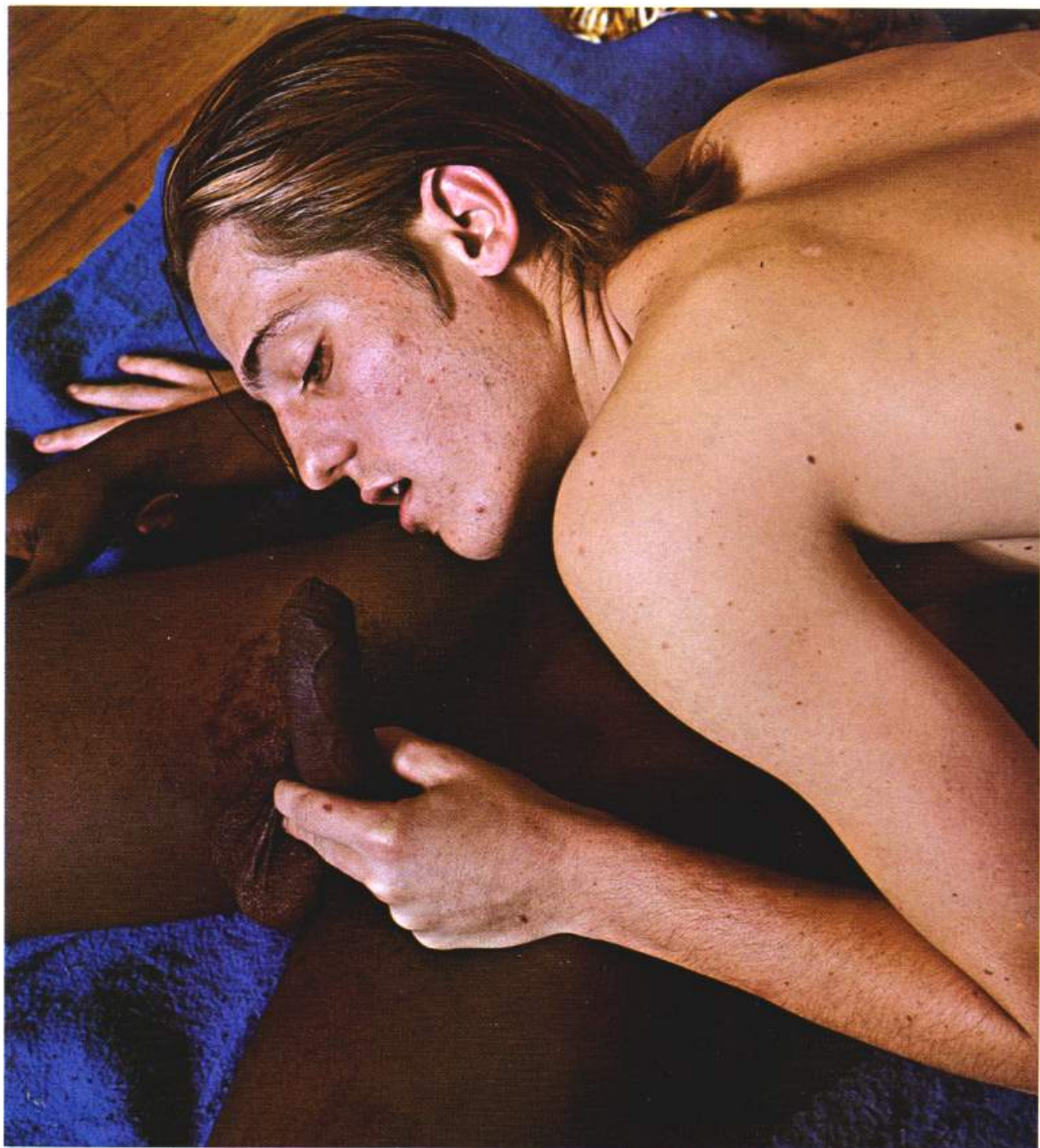
been able to bring along any photos that would give an idea of what Greg was like. Greg laid out a whole series of pics while he listened to Tony explain that he felt he could tell what a person was like by seeing what kind of photos they took.

It didn’t take long for him to see what Greg was like, and after some close perusal and delighted gasps, Tony asked Greg to stay for lunch and a more intensive interview.

The lunch was good, but the interview was even better, and when the afternoon was finished, Greg had the job in his pocket. Tony told him that since he had already started the job—technically speaking—as his companion, he might as well go collect his belongings and bring them over that evening. “That way, we can get to know each other even more than we did this







afternoon," Tony said.

In the next few weeks, Greg found out that the job of male companion to a man with plenty of time on his hands—as well as other things—can be very stimulating, and exhausting as well. But he had no complaints. He was being very well taken care of, indeed, just as well as he was

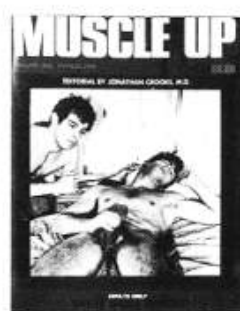
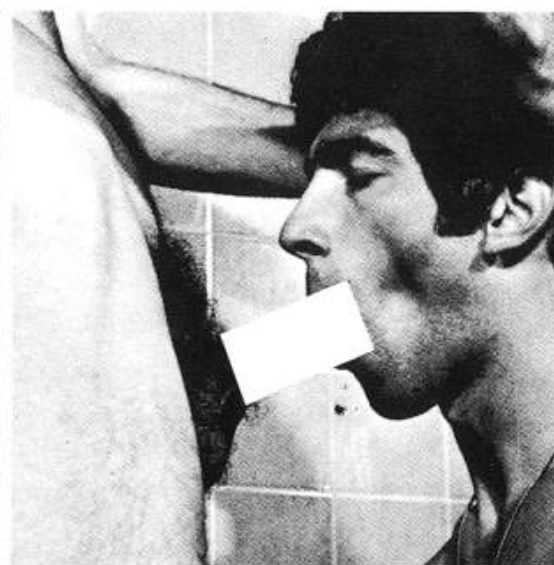
taking care of his employer! He had his own car to drive, plenty of spending money, and all he had to do for it is be available to Tony whenever he needed him. Not bad for a guy fresh out of the service who actually contemplated ordinary work!

It's been a while now since Greg started getting on with

Tony, and there is every indication that the position may become a very permanent one. Of course, part of the reason is that Greg is pretty good at some of the positions that he gets himself in! At last report, Tony and Greg were sighted somewhere off the Spanish Riviera, and having well, a reall ball!



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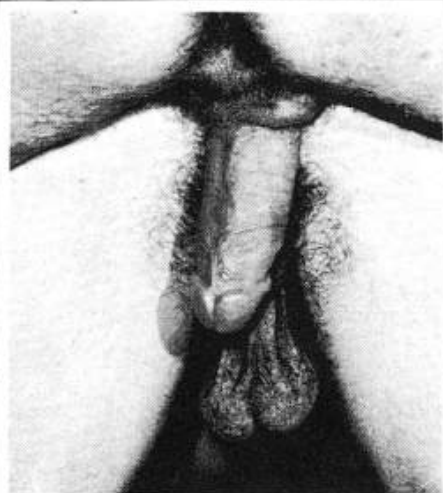
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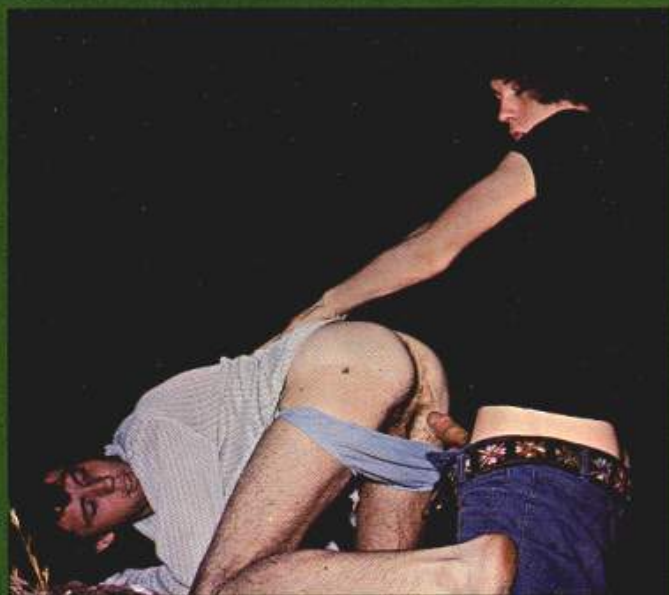
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